WHEN LITTLE BOYS SING

By

JOHN & RUE CARPENTER

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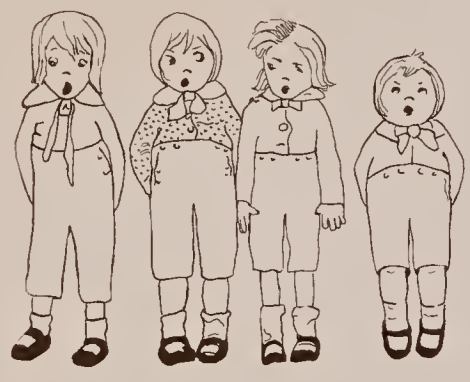
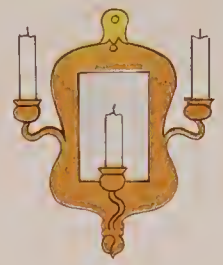
WHEN LITTLE BOYS SING



WHEN LITTLE BOYS SING

Words, Music and Pictures



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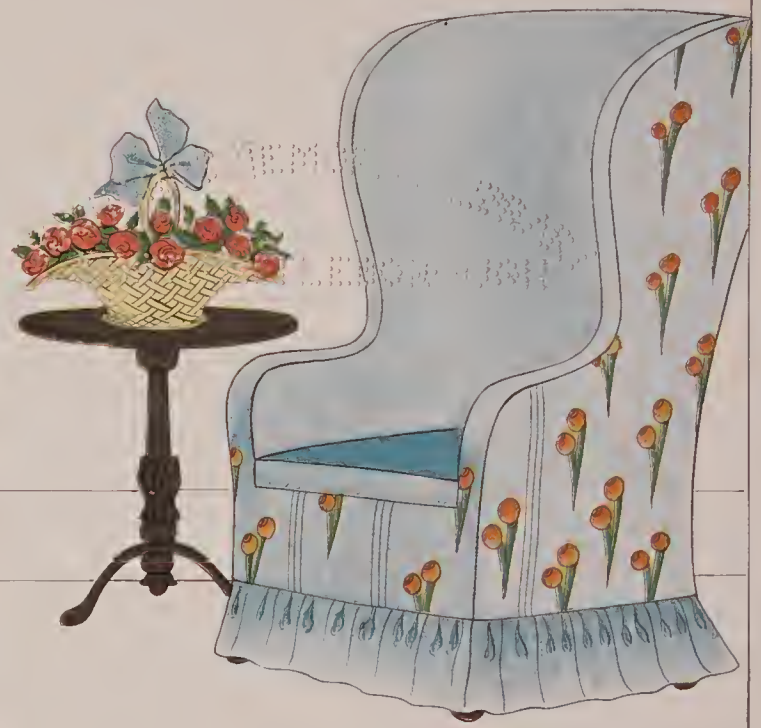

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To the Solemn Thoughts
of Little Boys

THE NAMES OF THE SONGS

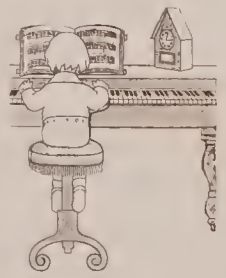
About My Garden

The Thunderstorm

Red Hair

A Plan

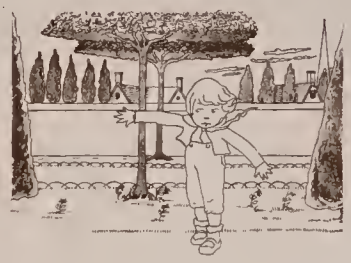
Aspiration



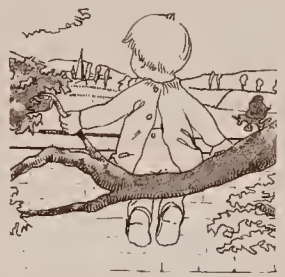
Practising

THE NAMES OF THE SONGS

BROTHER



TO CROSS THE STREET



CONTEMPLATION

MAKING CALLS

HAPPY HEATHEN

WHEN THE NIGHT COMES

About My Garden

Out in the sun my garden stands,
All planted by my little hands
Quite full of tiny little seeds.
Rain is all my garden needs
To make it grow like everything.
It's hard to wait until the Spring,
To see how all the things have grown.
I'm glad my garden's all my own.

About My Garden

J. A. C

Simply

Out in the

sun my gar - den stands, all plant - ed by my lit - tle

27674

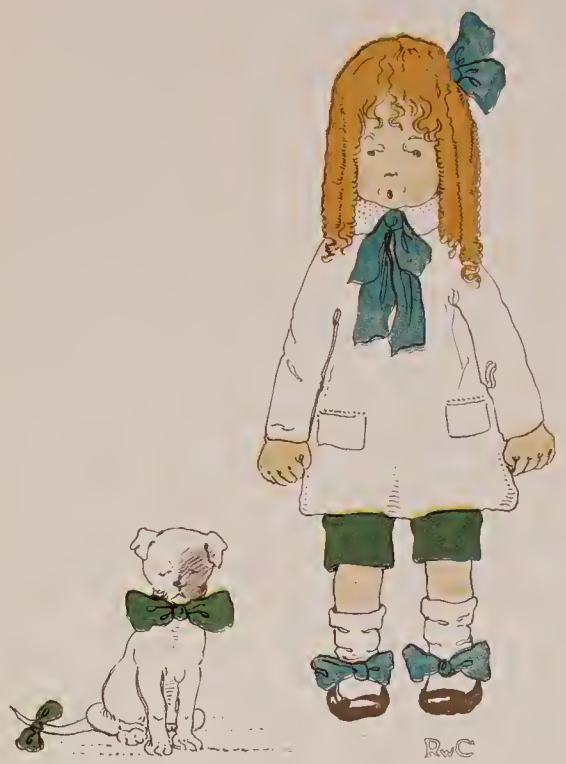
hands, Quite full of ti - ny lit - tle seeds. Rain is all my gar - den needs To make it grow like

ev - 'ry - thing. It's hard to wait un - til the spring To see how all the things have grown, I'm glad my

gar - den's all my own

Red Hair

J. A. C.



Petulantly

I wish I knew a sea of ink where I could dip my head, To make it all a pleas-ant black in-stead of hor-rid red.

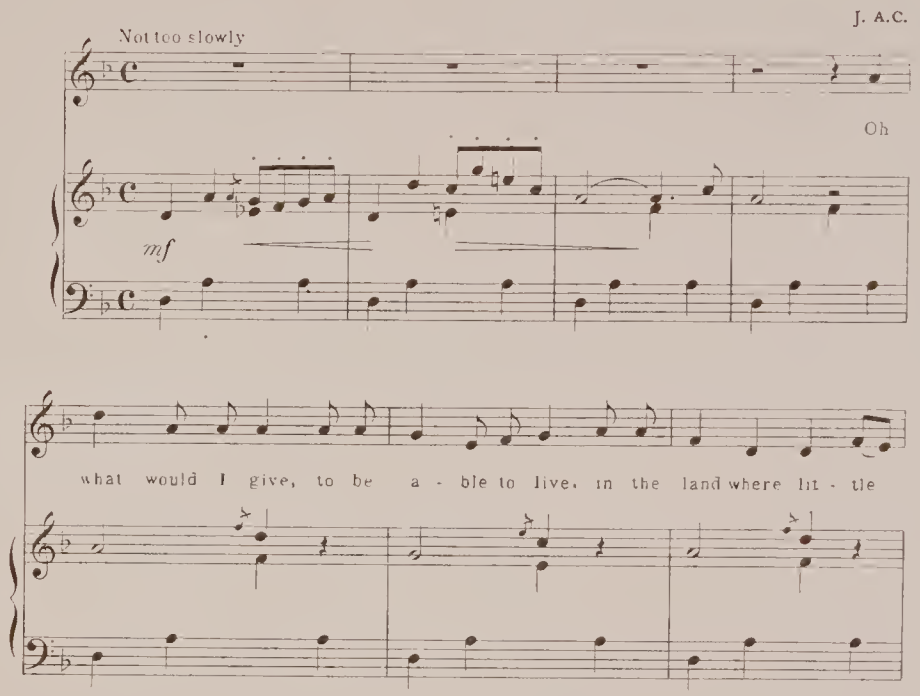
I wish I had a pot of glue, to put up-on these curls, To make me be like oth-er boys, and not like sil-ly girls.

Aspiration

Oh! what would I give
To be able to live
  In the land where little boys
Can hop and play,
The whole long day,
  And never be scolded for noise.

Oh! I'd jump and run,
And whistle like fun,
  And fling my shoes in the air.
I'd take off my socks,
And I'd play in the rocks,
  With nobody ever to care!

Aspiration


J. A.C.
Not too slowly
Oh
mf
what would I give, to be a - ble to live, in the land where lit - tle

RWG

boys. Can dance and play the live-long day, and nev-er be scold-ed for noise.

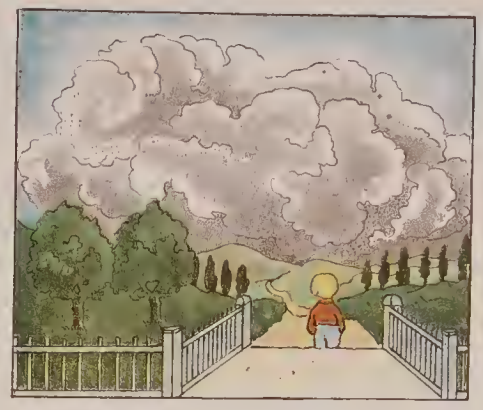
I'd jump and run and whis-tle like fun, and throw my shoes in the air. I'd take off my socks, and I'd

loudly

diminuendo

play in the rocks, with no-bo-dy ev-er to care.

ritard



The Thunderstorm

J. A. C.

mf With awe

I won-der if God thinks of me, out in a thun-der-storm? I

Slowly *mf*

p poco accellerando

seem so ver-y un-observed, and lit-tle and for-lorn, and lit-tle and for-lorn: I know He sees me plain e-nough in

p poco accellerando

qui-et sunshine bright, But thunder is so big and loud, and clouds come up in such a crowd I seem lit-tle-gol-ten quite.

f *mf* *pp* rallentando

f *mf* *pp* rallentando

A Plan

When I'm a big man, then I'll buy me a gun,
And a horse and a saddle and whip,
Then I'll jump on his back and give him a whack,
And away from my mother I'll skip.

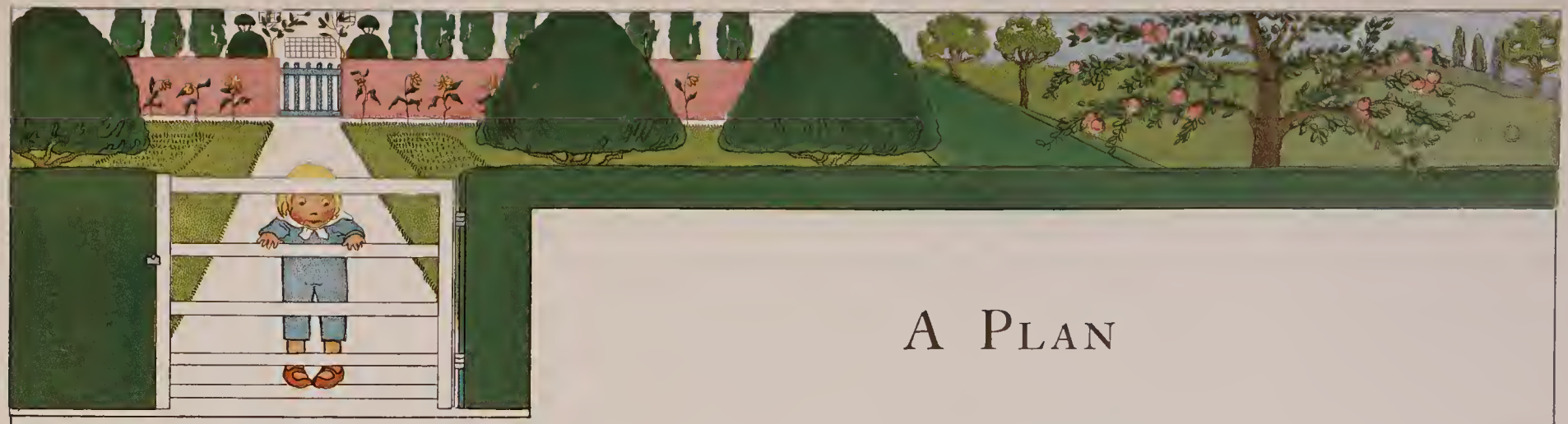
Sing hey, sing ho, for a bad little boy,
And away from my mother I'll skip.

I'll gallop and gallop away and away,
To the place where the Indians live,
And maybe I'll roam, and I'll never come home,
What a fright to my mother I'll give.

Sing hey, sing ho, for a bad little boy,
What a fright to my mother I'll give.

But then when it's dark and the wind starts to blow,
And the ghosts and the gobolings call,
Then I guess if I stayed, that I'd be kind o' 'fraid,
And I'd want dear mamma after all.

Sing hey, sing ho, for a good little boy,
For I'd want dear mamma after all.



A Plan

J. A. C.

Loud and manfully

When I'm a big man then I'll buy me a gun, and a horse and a sad-dle and whip, I'll jump on his back and give him a whack, and a - way from my moth-er I'll skip. Sing

Hey, sing ho, for a bad lit-tle boy, and a - way from my moth-er I'll skip.

I'll gal-lop and gal - lop a - way and a-way to the place where the In - di - ans live, And

may be I'll roam and I'll nev-er come home, what a fright to my mother I'll give. Sing ho, for a bad lit-tle boy, what a fright to my mother I'll

Mysteriously

give. But then when it's dark, and the wind starts to blow, and the

mf *p*

Slowly

ghosts and the gob-o-lings call, I guess if I stayed, that I'd be kind o' 'fraid, and I'd want dear mamma aft-er

all. Sing ho for a good lit-tle boy, sing hey, sing ho. for a good lit-tle boy.

Practising

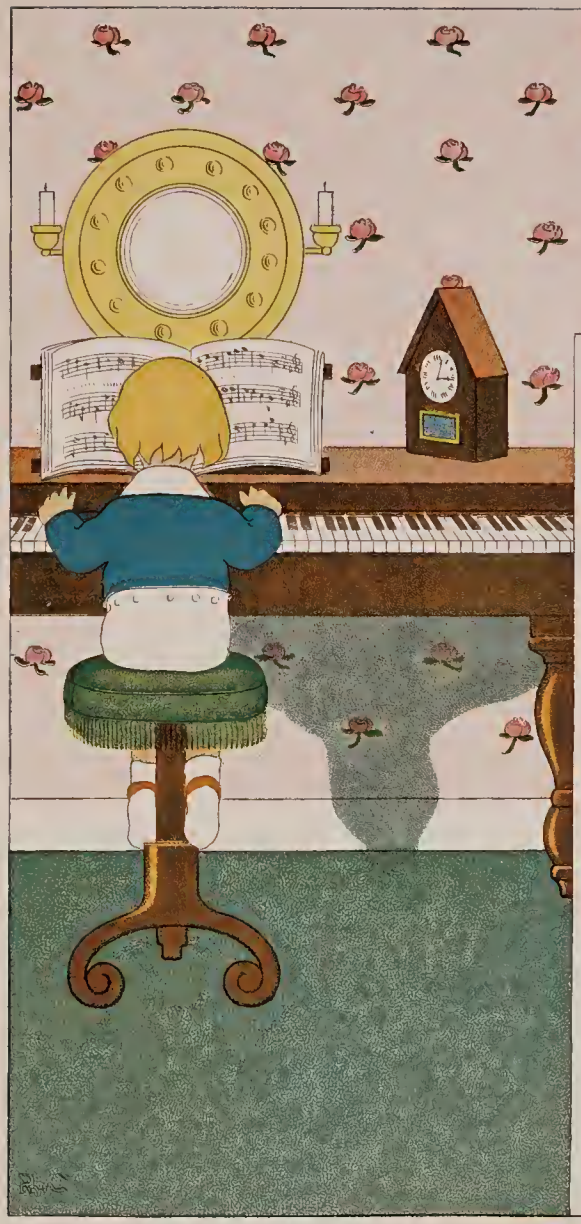
J. A. C.

Slowly and painfully

What's the use of prac-tis-ing, for lit-tle boys like me? It nev-er does me

an-y good as far as I can see. I play my scales both up and down, I make my fin-gers sore, And

when I'm through I play my scales no bet-ter than be-fore.



Practising

What's the use of practising
For little boys like me?
It never does me any good
So far as I can see.

I play my scales both up and down,
I make my fingers sore,
And when I'm through I play my scales
No better than before.

Brother

My brother, he's a funny one,
He makes me laugh till day is done
    At all his funny ways.
I'm glad he lives so very near,
Right in this house—he's always here,
    To play away the days.

Sometimes he puts on father's hat,
Oh, how I have to laugh at that,
    And roll upon the floor.
Then he pretends to be a cow
And wags his head to show me how
    A cow can gnash and roar.

He goes and puffs his cheeks far out
And then begins to strut about
    Until I almost die.
I really do believe that he
Is funnier far than I could be
    'Though years and years I'd try.

Brother

J. A. C.

Briskly

mf

My bro - ther he's a fun - ny one, he
Some - times he puts on fa - ther's hat, oh

makes me laugh, the whole day long, with all his fun - ny ways. I'm
how I have to laugh at that, and roll up - on the floor. Then

glad he lives so ve - ry near, right in this house, he's al - ways here, to play a - way the days.
he pre - tends to be a cow, and wags his head to show me how, a cow can gnash and roar.

He goes and puffs his cheeks far out, and then be - gins to

strut a - bout, un - til I al - most die. I real - ly do be - lieve that he is

fun - ni - er far than I could be, though years and years I'd try.

Much slower

Though years and years I'd

try.

p Briskly as before

Contemplation

For days and days I've climbed a tree,
A dappled yellow tree,
And gazed abroad at many things
I've always wished to see.

I see the green and gentle fields,
All bounded in with hedge,
And shining river swimming through
The rushes on his edge.

And little sheep who play all day,
I watch them as they run,
While far away the roofs of town,
Are shining in the sun.

I think it's very nice to sit
So high and look so far!
How very large the world is!
How many things there are!

Contemplation

J. A. C.

In peaceful mood

For

p

legato

days and days I've climbed a tree, a dap-pled yel - low tree. And

looked a - broad at man - y things I've al - ways wished to see. I see the green and gen - tle fields, all

bound - ed in with hedge, And shin - ing riv - er swim-ming through the rush - es on his edge.

And lit - tle sheep who play all day, I

mf

p

watch them as they run While far a - way the roofs of town are shin - ing in the sun. I

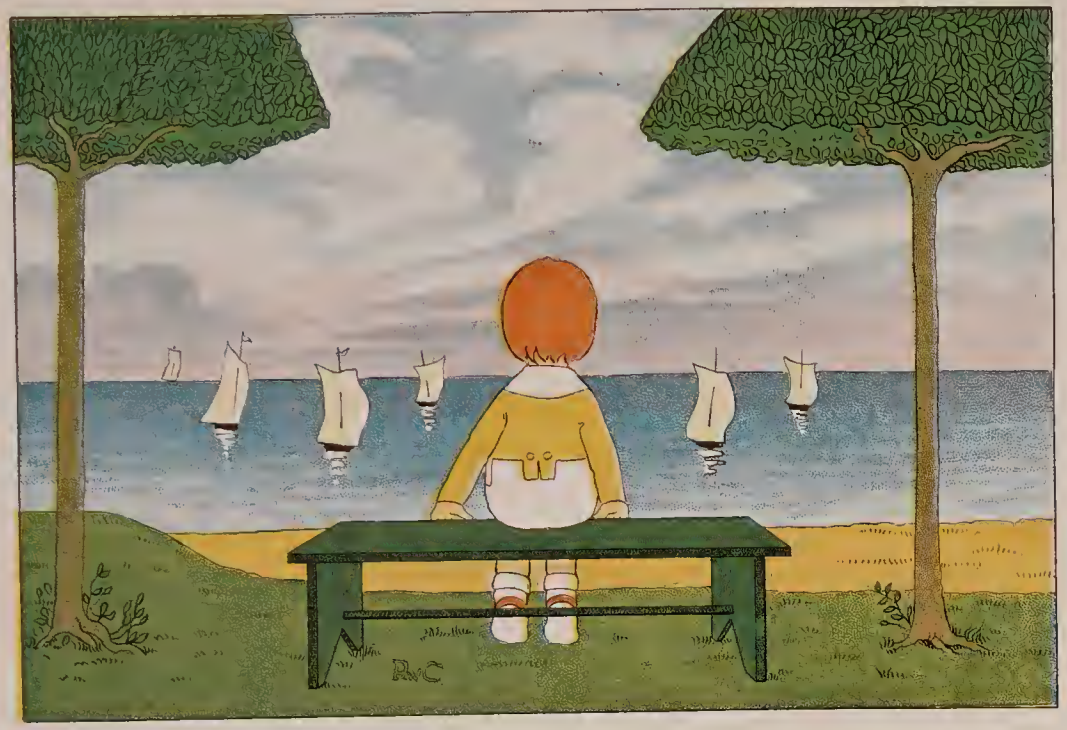
think its ve - ry nice, to sit so high and look so far. How ve - ry large the world is! How

ma - ny things there are!

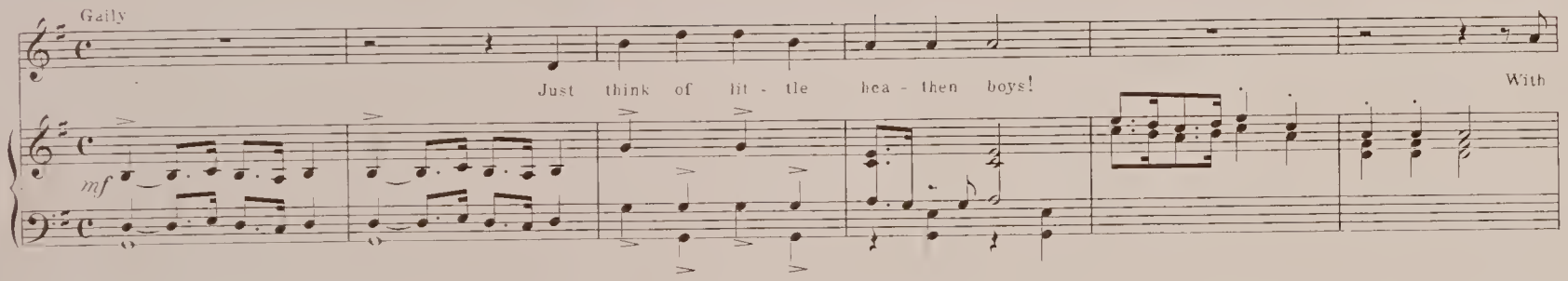
p

Happy Heathen

Just think of little heathen boys,
With all the clothes and all the toys
That Sunday-scholars give!
They dwell on islands far away,
And never do one thing but play—
A pleasant way to live!



J. A. C.



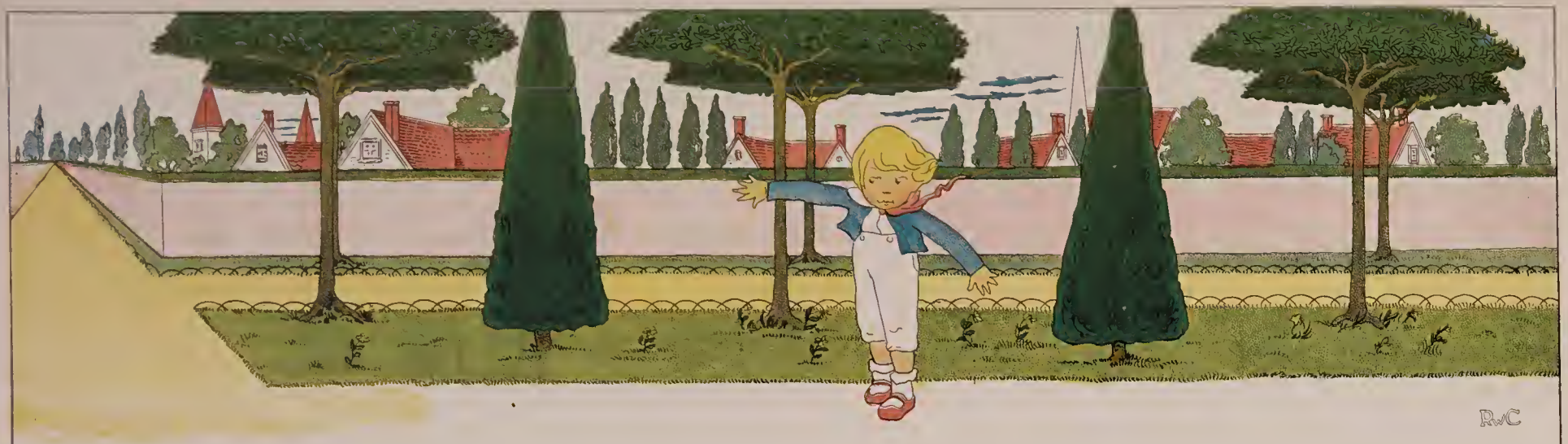
all the clothes and all the toys that Sun - day schol - ars give — They

live on is - lands far a - way, And nev - er do one thing but play a plea - sant way to

live!

f

p



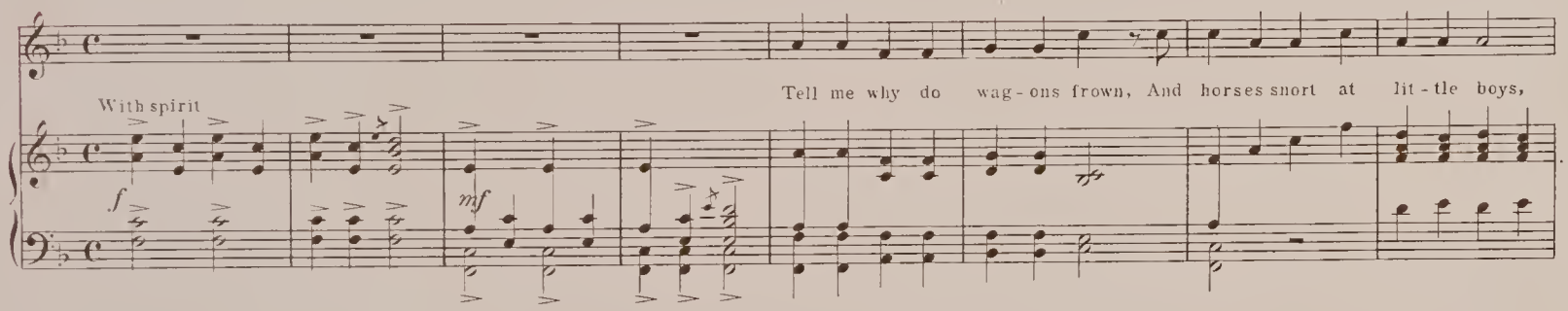
To Cross the Street

Tell me why do wagons frown
And horses snort at little boys,
When they try to cross the street;
Why do they make such a noise?

Up and down the fearful street,
Awful wide and awful long,
Clatter, clatter, bumpity bang,
Don't they sing a horrid song?

Pretty soon it gets all quiet,
Not a single one in sight,
Now I close my eyes up tight
And run across with all my might.

J. A. C.



When they try to cross the street; Why do they make such a noise? Up and down the fear-ful street, Aw-ful wide and aw-ful long,

Clat-ter, clat-ter bump-i-ty bang, Don't they sing a hor-rid song? Pret-ty soon it gets all quiet, Not a sin-gle one in sight

Now I close my eyes up tight, and run a-cross with all my might.

Making Calls

J. A. C.

Drearily

The most un-pleas-ant thing to do of all unpleasant things I know, Is mak-ing calls with dear mamma, I nev-er seem to want to go. The

Slowly

lad-ies look so ve-ry old, they nev-er seem. to un-der-stand, How a lit-tle boy gets tired, when he's tak-en by the hand, And led past all the

things for tea, set out up-on a pleasant ta-ble, Towards the swing out in the sun, and have to swing and not be ab le, once to stop un til too late, They

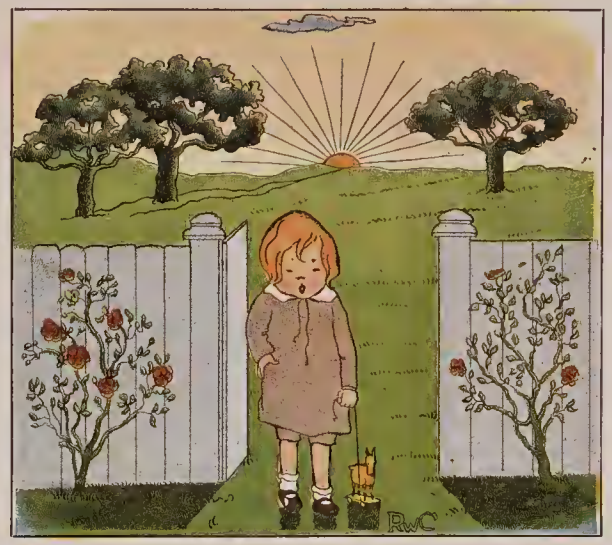
nev-er seem to stop and think, how hun-gry lit-tle boys can get, and while they talk and eat and drink, I have to swing and swing and swing, My

stomach awful empty too! Oh what a waste of aft-er-noon when there are nicer things to do.

When The Night Comes

When the night comes, and the shadows
Are a-creeping through the trees,
Then's the time my mother holds me,
Rocks me gently on her knees.

Then she sings a little boy-song
Of the ships that go to sea,
And I want to cry a little,
'Cause she is so good to me.



When the Night Comes

J. A. C.

Gently

When the night comes

and the shad - ows are a - creep - ing through the trees, That's the time my

moth - er holds me, rocks me gen - tly on her knees. And she

sings a lit - tle boy - song, of the ships that go to sea. And I

want to cry a lit - tle, 'cause she is so good to me.

p *pp*

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